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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Journey in the Interior of China, and of a Voyage to and from that Country, in 1816-17, &c. By Clarke Abel, F.L.S. Chief Medical Officer and Naturalist to Lord Amherst's Embassy. London 1818. 4to. pp. 420.

The *Literary Gazette* has already performed the *Ko-tou* to the various interesting works which have emanated from the Chinese Embassy, and in more than nine of our Numbers will be found the bowings of our heads over their pages. We do not regret that we are again called upon to repeat the ceremony, since nothing relative to China can be otherwise than curious and amusing; and, though the charm of novelty be denied to this volume, it possesses many incidents and notices which amply reward the task of its perusal. That it is not infinitely more valuable is to be attributed not to any want of ability in the writer, but to two unfortunate circumstances; the first, his illness during part of the journey; and the second, his irreparable loss of the collection of Natural History, &c. by the wreck of the *Alceste* in the Straits of Gaspar. Yet, in spite of these calamities, we find much to approve of in this book, which we shall accordingly, without further preface, proceed to analyse for our readers.

The early portion of the voyage, to Madeira, Rio Janeiro, and thence to Java, occupies no great space, and furnishes little of novelty. The Java bat and great snake are described: the former with its well-known hideous peculiarities, and the latter with its tremendous swallow. Mr. Abel shot a male and female bat; their bodies covered with long hair resembling that of a fox in smell, colour, and form, and that of a full grown rat in size; the wings, like those of a common bat, measured five feet between the extremities. With regard to the snake, the author seems to think that no story of his powers in swallowing even human beings and large animals too improbable for belief. Thus he repeats, without expressing any discredit, the assertion of Andreus Cleyerus, that "he bought one of these snakes of a hunter, and, on dissecting it, found in its body an entire middle-aged stag, covered with its skin; that he purchased another which had swallowed a wild goat

in spite of its large horns; and that he drew from the stomach of a third, a porcupine armed with its quills:" he also mentions, that "a pregnant woman was swallowed by one of these animals."

We suspect that our sceptical readers will refuse to swallow these tales, but there is far too strong a propensity in fire-side travellers to withhold their belief from facts stated by more excursive investigators, merely because they exceed the sphere of their own limited experience. The habits of the snake which died on board the *Cæsar*, are thus described by Capt. Heyland, who had him several months in Java before he was embarked for England:—

The animal was brought to me early in January 1813, and did not from that time taste food till the July following. During this period he generally drank a quart of water daily, and frequently passed a thick yellow excrement. The man who brought him, stated, that he had been seen to eat a hog-deer the day before he had been taken. He was allowed to be at liberty in the grounds about my house. One evening early in July, hearing a noise, I went out, and discovered that the snake had left his harbour, under the boards of a stable, where he generally kept, and having entered a small shed where some fowls were at roost, had contrived to sweep eleven from the perch, which he afterwards destroyed by pressing them between his folds. Then taking them one by one, head foremost into his mouth, swallowed the whole in twenty minutes. The largest animal which he ate, while in my possession, was a calf, which he killed and gorged in two hours and twenty minutes. He preferred goats to any other animals, but was also fond of calves, sheep, and fowls; he never attacked dogs, cats, or pigs. Of these last, indeed, he seemed to be in dread, for whenever one was presented to him, he retired to a corner, and coiled himself up with his head undermost. If regularly fed with animals not larger than a duck, he ate readily every day; but after the meal of a goat, refused food for a month!

Delicate monster! as Trinculo says of Caliban; such a pet would not be very pleasant in an English garden! While mentioning the strange habits of animals, we may add Mr. Abel's notice of a *Stinging-fish* in the Chinese seas:—

Whilst employed in collecting some seaweed floating about the ship, I observed a species of *Physalia*, so small and transparent that I at first mistook it for an air-bubble; but on catching it in my hand was

soon convinced of my error, for, wrapping its long tendrils round one of my fingers, it stung like a nettle, but with much more severe effect. In about five minutes the pain in my finger abated, but an uneasy sensation extended up the inside of my arm, which soon terminated in an aching pain in the arm-pit, accompanied by a sense of restriction in my chest; within fifteen minutes all uneasiness ceased. The manner in which the animal produces these effects is, I believe, unexplained; but it is not improbable that they are occasioned by a peculiar poison, secreted by it, and contained in a glutinous matter which covers its tendrils; as this, when applied to the skin, apart from the animal, excites a smarting pain.

Having gone so minutely through Mr. Ellis's account of the official movements of the Embassy in China, in our review of that gentleman's work, we shall not travel much over the same ground with Mr. Abel, who, to do him justice, does not linger upon matters already sufficiently treated of. His description of the first visit of Chang and Yin to the ships at the mouth of the *Pee-ho*, and a few other brief sketches, will suffice to elucidate his manner, and furnish a spirited representation of the Chinese:—

Chang was a civil, and Yin a military Mandarin. They had intelligent countenances, and easy engaging manners. But Chang was graver than Yin, who had already ingratiated himself by his smiles. They gave me no very exalted notions of Chinese magnificence, being both very plainly dressed, and attended by a train of very shabby looking fellows. Yin was accompanied by several soldiers, who did not add to the dignity of his cortège. - - - Each man wore by his side a variety of accoutrements, which, on a first glance, seemed to be intended for warlike purposes, but on a close examination dwindled into very peaceful appendages. A worked silk sheath, in shape like the blade of a dagger, inclosed a harmless fan. A small leather bag, studded with brass, and resembling a cartouche box, supplied flint and steel for lighting their pipes. These hung sometimes from their girdles by the side of their chop-sticks, but were frequently in their mouths, pouring forth volumes of smoke, and giving rise to a flow of saliva which was discharged without any attention to place.

Their strong odour of garlick and assafoetida added to these agreeable accomplishments, and gave zest to the entertainments; where, besides,

All sorts of dressed meat, sheep roasted in halves and quarters, pigs and fowls in abundance, there were innumerable Chinese made dishes; amongst others, stewed sharks' fins, stags' sinews, birds' nests, and sea-slugs—the joints so besmeared with a kind of varnish, as to exhibit a perfect metallic polish.

This sort of varnish seems not confined to the dishes, for the author caught accidentally a view of some women (equally pleased with their chance of gazing on the "Horse-faced men," as they called the English, from their comparatively long faces and noses,) who

Were of low stature, had faces longer in proportion than those of the men, but so covered with a flesh-coloured paste, that the tint of their complexion could not be discovered. There was a general air of languor about them, which was especially marked by the drooping of their upper eyelids, the interval between which and the lower ones was so narrow, as scarcely to appear sufficient for the purposes of distinct vision. Their internal angles were more deflexed and lengthened than in the eyes of the men. Their hair was black, and neatly rolled up on the crown of the head, and ornamented with flowers. Their dress consisted of a loose blue cotton robe with long sleeves, and a pair of loose trowsers of the same material, but of a pinkish colour. The robe was fastened before by several buttons from the chin downwards, and fell below the calf of the leg. Its sleeves covered the hands. The trowsers were fastened about the ankle, and almost covered with their folds the small and tight shoe which peeped from beneath them—

The hands of the Europeans had as great an advantage over the natives in longevity as their faces. The ends of their forefingers, when the hands were placed wrist to wrist, scarcely extended beyond the first joints of Mr. Abel's, whose hands are not excessively large.

The villagers are represented as civil and obliging, and the crowds on the river, and course of the procession, only troublesome from their ardent curiosity. The country is marshy and sterile beyond the mere banks of the streams; and the author observes, that "much as the Chinese may excel in obtaining abundant products from lands naturally fertile, they are much behind other nations in the art of improving that which is naturally barren."

The frustration of the Embassy and its hurried dismissal from Peking, are pictured in a lively manner; but we shall leave this part for the more interesting topics which present themselves in the voyage to Canton.

European silver coins were much sought after at Tung-Chow, as curiosi-

ties, and handfuls of the only figured money of China, the *Tchen*, a small copper coin, melted, not struck, with a square hole in the centre for the convenience of stringing, were offered for a few silver Java coin, with the figure of a horse on one side. But English three-shilling and eighteen-penny pieces were particularly in request. Snuff was another irresistible bribe to the natives. Mr. Abel put some in little packets for presents, whenever he attempted to walk on shore for the purpose of collecting plants.

It was highly amusing to see the eagerness with which any one who had just obtained a packet was assaulted by those about him. The instant the paper was opened, thumbs and fingers from all quarters speedily emptied its contents. Although the Chinese would in this way take it from their companions, I could never persuade them to do so with me. They would shake it into their hands from the paper or box, but would never take it out of either with their fingers.

There are a number of such traits of character, for which we are not sufficiently acquainted with the motives of this singular people to be able to assign any rational cause. The timid jealousy of their Emperor, Kea-King, and his weak and fearful disposition, account for the restraints placed upon the Embassy, the edicts against the women being seen, the vacillation and falsehood every where notorious on the route; but Mr. Abel appears to think that when they got out of this line the population deserved a more favourable report. He doubts the prevalence of infanticide, but we confess that his reasoning is not strong enough to overturn authenticated facts;—the following anecdote, however, places the social feelings of the Chinese in a better, though very peculiar light.

Mr. Morrison, in one of his walks, fell in with a family of four generations, amounting to about twenty persons, in the same house. At the feet of the Patriarch, who was only 70 years of age, stood his great grandchild, while at one end of the room his son was working at his father's coffin. The old man, on being asked why he now prepared his coffin? answered, that he felt his health declining, and wished to have a resting place prepared for him after death. When asked if the sight of the coffin did not excite mournful ideas, he replied, "No." A Mandarin, who was by, remarked, "His mouth says no, but it does not speak the language of his heart."

The houses of the Chinese on the bank of the river, consisted generally of a large and a small room; the former for general purposes, a reception room for

company, a temple, eating room and bed-room; the latter, a very simple kitchen. The most remarkable piece of furniture was a miniature temple, like a shell-work grotto in England, with the figure of a fat old man in the centre, plentifully besmeared with gilding and red and white paint, &c. Their gardens and court-yards were ornamented with many flowers, especially the *Nelumbium Speciosum* (Lien-wha,) so celebrated for its beauty by the Chinese poets, and ranked for its virtues among the plants which, according to their theology, enter into the beverage of immortality.

Embarrassed on every side, the suite of the Embassy could not bring us much particular information, and the remarks on subjects we could have liked to see thoroughly sifted, are neither numerous nor important. Mr. Abel gives us copious quotations from Du Halde, Du Guignes, and other writers, but this (though curious) is not the sort of information we seek in the work of a recent traveller through China;—in truth, the Chinese are so reserved, that most of their visitors are glad to eke out their own observations with the observations of their predecessors. It is extraordinary that the best mode of writing an account of China has never yet been thought of. If, instead of the very cursory and imperfect views of a foreigner, who has been passed along the rivers of that country, under strict surveillance, the knowledge of one of the intelligent *Hong Merchants*, who have resided in London, had been cultivated, and his account recorded, we should have had a very different idea of China from any we now have, when even the most trivial and ostensible matters are wrapt in mystery. The following are a few extracts which seem to us to deserve selection:

The Temple at Kaou-yen-chow, where the Embassy found two or three hundred miserable wretches imprisoned from the night before, that they might not abscond from the labour of tracking the junks, "is dedicated to the *Ming-keen-ship-wang*, or ten judges in Hades." It consists of ten apartments, with a judge presiding in each, surrounded by the ministers of punishment, in the form of Demons, made of clay, variously coloured and distorted into hideous forms. Before the judge appear the former inhabitants of this world, awaiting their doom.

NANKIN.—In the suburbs of Nankin, the cloth which bears its name was exposed for sale. The raw yellow cotton, from which it is supposed to be made, was in vain

looked for; but the white was seen dressing [being dressed] in various places.

PORCELAIN, &c.—The city of Nanchang-foo is famous for shops of Porcelain, and gave us many opportunities of examining splendid vases formed of the finest quality of this celebrated ware. Many of these were four feet high, and two in their largest circumference, of various colours, and covered with an immense number of raised figures of plants well executed. This imitation of sculpture was also practised on smaller pieces, as cups, basins, and especially snuff-bottles. On one of these, whose surface could not be more than six inches square, the forms of a crowd of Chinese, executed with precision and taste, were beautifully grouped. I have repeatedly seen on articles of this kind a display of skill and accuracy in the delineation of the human form, for which it is not usual to give the Chinese credit. The porcelain most valued by the Chinese, was not, in our eyes, the most beautiful, being covered with lines intersecting each other in all directions, occasioning a cracked appearance on its surface. This is done perhaps to give it the appearance of antiquity, as antique porcelain is in the highest degree valued in China. Some of the representations on the cups and other vessels sold in Nanchang-foo gave us the lowest opinion of Chinese sentiments of decency. Although infinitely too gross to admit (of) any description, they were not only exposed in the most open manner on the shelves of the shops, but were handed about by the salesmen as objects of peculiar interest.

MEDICINE.—The practice of medicine in China is entirely empirical. One of the most respectable native practitioners, in Canton, was entirely destitute of anatomical knowledge. He was aware of the existence of such viscera as the heart, lungs, liver, spleen, and kidneys, but had no notion of their real situation, and through some strange perversity placed them all on the wrong side of the body [like Dr. Last.] He, however, made a clear distinction between those local diseases, which can be cured by mere topical applications, and those which can only be acted upon through the medium of the constitution. He had some vague notions of a humoral pathology;—talked of ulcers being outlets to noxious matter, and divided both his diseases and remedies into two classes, the hot and cold. The only general fact ascertained respecting his practice was, that he depended greatly on purgatives for driving out "the heat of the body," and for producing a favourable change on local disorders. *Moss*, or *Actual Canterbury*, is esteemed one of the most effectual remedies for local pain. The *Moss* is prepared by bruising the stems of a species of artemisia in a mortar, and selecting the softest and most downy fibres. In this state it is applied in small conical masses upon the part affected; the number being proportioned to the extent or severity of the disease. These being set on fire, instantly consume, without, as the

physician affirmed, producing any severe pain.

This is a pretty way to cure nervous headaches, and, if introduced into our practice, might possibly prevent the frequency of that disorder among refined persons of both sexes: the Chinese, however, endure it, as is amply witnessed by the round escars on their heads, where these fires have been burnt. It is also employed in liver complaints and internal diseases, when expressed by external uneasiness. Pricking the part first with a golden pin, and inflaming the Moxa with a lens of ice, are held to be grand improvements!

TEA.—Mr. Abel is of opinion that the green tea is the leaf of the same shrub with the black, only dried at a lower degree of heat. By far the strongest tea he saw in China, called "Yu-tien," and used on occasions of ceremony, hardly coloured the water. It consisted of the scarcely expanded buds of the plant. He thinks that the plant might be successfully cultivated at the Cape of Good Hope, as all its known habitats are within the temperate zone. It succeeds best on the sides of mountains where there can be but little accumulation of soil.

PRINTING.—We cannot pass over a notice of printing, as practised in an office attached to a library. Nothing could be more simple:—

On a piece of wood about two feet square, carved into the necessary characters, and covered with ink, a thin paper was laid, which having been pressed down by the hand, received the desired impression. The use of moveable types in wood is confined to the printing of the Pekin Gazette, and a few other periodical works. All others are printed in stereotype. The use of moveable metallic types may perhaps at no distant period become general in the empire, as a manufactory of them in block tin is already established at Macao, for the use of the British factory. The casters and cutters are Chinese, who execute their work with great precision and dispatch.

Were we to extract the description of the filthy feeding of the Chinese, on dogs, cats, rats, and offals, in preference to wholesome meat, we should exhaust all that we intend to copy from Mr. Abel's work, in as far as "the Celestial Empire," with its beastly inhabitants, is concerned; but their nastiness in this respect is so well known, that we need not say that in the public market eighteenpence was equally the price of a cat, a pheasant, or four rats! There, however, remain a few notices of Manilla, and a very whimsical account of the Orang-Outang, which we shall reserve for our

next publication. In the interim, our opinion and our extracts will, we trust, recommend a production which has had great losses to overcome, and great difficulties to struggle with; and which is, nevertheless, a very pleasing addition to our stock of useful and entertaining Travels. We should have liked to see the vulgar as well as the Linnean names given in the botanical parts, which are excellent, and ought therefore to be universally intelligible. The geological observations, and those on natural history, are also possessed of much interest, and so diffused throughout the work as to preclude our endeavouring to arrange them. There is now and then, our readers will have perceived, a little affectation of *technical* in the language; a jelly of millet is "millet rendered gelatinous by immersion in hot water:"—but these are but bagatelles to smile at, and do not depreciate the value of the author's acute and agreeable observations.

THE RECLUSE OF THE PYRENEES. A Poem. Cantos I. II. London 1818. pp. 64.

This is an anonymous production of the Byron school, of considerable poetical merit. The story is that of a wounded British officer, redeemed from the bloody field on the night succeeding a battle in the Pyrenees, by the humanity of a Seigneur, whose solitary habits and seclusion from society give the name to the work. In these two cantos, Manzel, the officer in question, partially penetrates the mystery of the Recluse; but, though there is a denouement to a certain extent, so as to make the present publication almost a whole, an opening is left for pursuing the story to a more determinate finale, should the public approbation of what now appears, encourage the author to complete his plan. As our opinions may be gathered as we go along, we shall not stop to offer a general view of the subject.

The poem opens well:

Helpless he lies, upon his bloody lair,
No comrades' watchful eye to guard him there;
Their hearts are cold, their gallant spirits flown;
And, if indeed he breathe—he breathes alone—
'Tis hard to say if these pale lips still hold
The beaming monarch of his earthly mould;
Or have those gaping wounds a passage given,
For the unfettered soul to soar to heaven?

He lives, and, after a dream of conflict, revives, to encounter the horror of being devoured by the wolves which prey upon his slain companions. The devastations of this troop are described with an eye to the horrid minuteness of the 'lean dogs beneath the wall,' in the *Siege of Corinth*. Indeed the imitation

is palpable, and far too close for us to allow any merit, if merit lie in such a picture, to the author of the Recluse.

At length a ravening troop of wolves are seen,
Shaggy and gaunt, with eyes of fiery gleam,
Rioting, on their luscious feast they break,
And in purple gore their hot thirst slake;
With foaming jaws the mangled corpse they rip,
And from the white firm bone the soft flesh strip;*

There, o'er a youthful form that mocks at life,
† Gorging, and growling, urge they wrangling strife

Now fill'd and glutt'd, slow they mumbling †
feast,
The victors of the field—

By reference to the passages below, it will be seen that the plagiarism here is too direct. We have no objection to bards copying each other, but they ought to acknowledge the original obligations to save themselves from the charge of theft, though perhaps the author thought the notoriety of the present case a sufficient reference. We shall shortly notice another, among several instances of similar imitation; but in the interim proceed with the poem.

Mansel's fearful victims are for a few moments restrained from mangling him by his

- - - firm, and bold, unflinching glance
That fixed them motionless, in harmless trance;
But at length, one shaggy monster is in the act of springing, when it is killed by a shot from an unseen hand. This is the Recluse, an aged, but dignified and noble person—

And in his eye there was a mournful light,
That seemed to mark a heart-consuming blight—
A secret trace of unrepining grief,
That sought no pity—and that shunned relief;
That change can not wear off—unmoved by time;
That sheds no tear—that never will repine—
But—shut within the heart's most inmost core,
Will never leave it till it beats no more!

We will not animadvert on this personage being out hunting in the night-time; though it is rather pressed into notice by his saying, somewhat paradoxically,

*This day at least our hunting toils are done;
How fair the morning breaks before the sun.*

His appearance reminds us of Lara, and in the second canto the resemblance is rendered still more evident. This is the description of his domestic phases:

He moved on earth like spirit from above,
Whose daily path was innocence and love;

* From a Tartar's scull they had stripped the flesh,

As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;
And their white tusks cranch'd o'er the whiter skull.

† Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb.

Ibid.

† As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead.

Ibid.

And yet they marked he suffered much from pain—

But what his secret grief they sought in vain;
His youthful life was all unknown to them:
He came from far, they knew not where or when—

Save that ten years ago a stranger there,
He first began these towers to repair,
Whose falling ruins hastening to decay,
But for that care, ere this had past away.
They mourned that one so good should ever grieve;

Was it for crime? that they could ne'er believe;
Yet it was strange! for One came with him there,

Whose lovely smile was antidote to care.

The likeness here is so marked, that we need not produce the parallel, and we only notice it to regret that a writer, competent to write so well, should allow his admiration of another to take such possession of his mind as to prevent his differing more from his ideas and style. It is indeed a dangerous thing, if done wilfully, to attempt similar subjects in a similar manner with Lord Byron in the intense poem of Lara. To return to the Recluse: Count Alba, for such is the title of this virtuous Lara, removes Mansel to his castle, and tends his wounds till he is restored to convalescence. With returning health he begins to think on a "Fair One," of whom he had caught a glance on entering the castle. Filled with her idea, he paces the corridor at midnight, surrendering himself to all the phantasies of a heated imagination. A strain of melody attracts him, and he sees a distant form, which he follows, in the hope of its being the idol of his o'erwrought fancy. He pursues the sound through intricate ways, till he beholds a youthful beauty kneeling before an altar. As he gazes upon it in ecstasy, Count Alba addresses him, and he discovers that the form is of marble—a statue of Count Alba's deceased wife, with whom he had fled from a convent, and whose untimely death, after giving birth to one infant, he thus mourns in romantic solitude.

From the examples of the versification we have given, even in pointing out their want of originality, it will be seen that the author's powers are not of a mean order. Before, however, extracting a passage, unborrowed, as far as we recollect, from any predecessor, we may observe that the carelessness of the modern school is practically advocated in the Recluse.

- - - - - wishes that the roaring wave
Had given at once a momentary grave,
Does not convey the sense intended, for "a momentary grave" is a grave for a moment, and not an instant grave to last for ever.

- - - - - once more ashore
Freed from the fetters he so long has wore,

is not only a jingle, but ungrammatical; worn is the past tense of the verb. "The feelings which he felt," is a hazardous mode of expression; and there are many rhymes not to be passed as legitimate—ex. gr. scorned, alarmed; seen, gleam; mien, beam; flame, plain; shot, what; noon, bloom; dim, within; alone, foam; &c. Having now remarked upon the blemishes and merits of this poem with impartial plainness, and meaning nothing by the former but to demand more attention from a writer, upon whom we should not have bestowed so much space did we not conceive that he possessed talents for greater finish and excellence; we submit one extract as a fair sample upon which the world may either confirm or dissent from our opinion: it is the description of the statue.

Gracefully there, before that altar kneeling,
With arms upon her bosom meekly crossed,
Rapt in an ecstasy of holy feeling,
To all the cares of earth completely lost,
A youthful beauty breath'd a silent prayer—
Was she a mortal? or a spirit there?
Her gentle limbs beneath a light robe swelling,
Her lovely neck, round, snowy white, and fair;
But oh! there was no rising bosom telling
She bore a living heart—or breathed the vital air—

A soft angelic beauty, sweetly beaming
With pensive thought, and warm emotion,
Shone in her face—where every charm had meaning.

All eloquent with deep entranced devotion—
Eyelids half closed, the gems beneath them shading,

That humble diffidence on earth had fixed;
A smile where joy, in tender sorrow fading,
Betrayed the fears that with her hope were mixed;
A closely drawn robe modestly concealing
All that we dream of virgin loveliness,
Yet more than th' charms of mortal maid revealing,

Charms, that the mind may picture, not express:
Yet on her cheek the mantling blushing glow
Was wanting, which the rosy Loves bestow—
'Twas brightly pale, as that fair flow'r of spring
That triumphs first o'er Winter's gloomy king,
And shows the tyrant's iron reign is o'er,
His crown of ice dissolved, his power no more—
Nor had her lip the crimson ruby's hue,
But white as snows that storms on mountains strew,

Yet gently parting, as if th' fragrant breath they drew.

An Autumn near the Rhine. London 1818.
8vo. pp. 524.

Having in our last entered tolerably at large (for us, who rather strive to extract the essence of new works and discoveries, than to dwell much on our own opinions) into the merits and blemishes of this agreeable volume, we shall in this supplemental division content ourselves with introducing a few of the most novel and interesting passages, which we were before unable to touch. There are some

remarkable objects in the Odenwald, or Wood of Odin, a wild and interesting district, not far from Darmstadt:—

Among these is the *Riesensäule*, or Giant's Column, which lies in a wood, on the declivity of the Feldsberg (mountain) half buried in thick brushwood in a hollow made by its own weight. It is above thirty feet long, and about four in greatest diameter—nearly cylindrical, and tapering with an exact proportion. At one end a sort of semicircular step is cut, apparently either to fit it to some other stone, or to fix machinery for moving it. The granite is of the hard dark description, of which all the masses in the neighbourhood are composed. This singular column, which has resisted so many ages, has excited much speculation. Kotzebue proposed to have it conveyed to Leipsick, and erected in honour of the stupendous victory there, of which it would be a worthy monument. Another immense rough block of granite near it, with a complete step cut in it, is called the Giant's Altar, and scattered about are many other blocks, with similar traces of workmanship. Conjecture attributes them to the ancient worship of Odin, to the middle ages, and to the Romans; the author sides with the latter, as he thinks the original Germans could not cut that granite which their descendants can barely scratch. The *Felsen mer*, a natural sea of Rocks (accurately described by its name) is another extraordinary spectacle in this vicinity. The Odenwald itself is full of romantic traditions. At no great distance from the Feldsberg, is the Castle of Rodenstein, on the top of a shaggy mountain. Here, as the tale goes, resides the Knight of Rodenstein, or the wild Jäger, who, issuing from his ruins, announces the approach of war by traversing the air with a noisy armament, to the opposite Castle of Schnellerts. The strange noises heard on the eve of battles, are authenticated on the spot by affidavits; and some persons profess to have been convinced by their eyes as well as their ears. In this way the people were forewarned of the victories of Leipsic and Waterloo.

Near Boppard is the site of another famous stone, called the Königstuhl, or royal seat, where the four Electors of the Rhine used to meet and deliberate on the affairs of Germany (a congress or diet of these times.) Several peaces have been concluded here, and resolutions formed for the election and deposition of different Emperors. The Königstuhl was placed on a spot where the territories of the four Rhenish Electors of Mayence, Treves, Cologne, and the Palatinate, touched each other, so that each could retire in a minute into his own kingdom. The French destroyed it in the Revolutionary war.

Not far above this is Hochheim, whose eight acres of vineyard contains about 32,000 vine plants, and are valued at as many ducats. It produces twelve large casks of wine annually, which sell at about 150*l.* each. This is the veritable

hock; but much of the adjoining country produces its substitute. Buonaparte gave Hochheim to General Kellerman. Further down the river is Namedy, where the Rhine forms a little bay, and the pilots collect all the floating timber poured in from the tributary streams, till it forms enormous floats, which are navigated to Dortrecht and sold.

These machines have the appearance of a floating village, composed of twelve or fifteen little wooden huts, on a large platform of oak and deal timber. They are frequently eight or nine hundred feet long, and sixty or seventy in breadth. The rowers and workmen sometimes amount to 7 or 800. The domestic economy of an East-Indiaman is hardly more complete. Poultry, pigs, and other animals, are to be found on board, and several butchers are attached to the suite. A well-supplied boiler is at work night and day in the kitchen; the dinner hour is announced by a basket stuck on a pole, at which signal the pilot gives the word of command, and the workmen run from all quarters to receive their messes. The consumption of provision in the voyage to Holland is almost incredible, sometimes amounting to 40 or 50,000 pounds of bread; 18 or 20,000 of fresh, besides a quantity of salted meat; and butter, vegetables, &c. in proportion. The expences are so great, that a capital of 3 or 400,000 florins is considered necessary to undertake a raft.

We had intended to extract, at length, the author's very spirited account of German universities, as represented by Heidelberg; but we can only say, that in form and discipline, &c. they resemble the Scotch rather than the English. The students reside in lodgings, and there is no academical costume. In Germany, however, in their boyish patriotism, they have adopted that of their ancestors three centuries ago, and the students are seen in this masquerade,

Swaggering mustachioed youths, their hair flowing on their shoulders, without cravats, and with pipes in their mouths.

The traditions on the banks of the Rhine furnish matter more amusing than the history of these young zealots, however more their present mode of thinking and acting may influence the fate of Europe: we therefore turn to the former, and, if this review has been dull, make amends by concluding it with two pretty romances.

Traditions on the Banks of the Rhine.

The tradition concerning the castle or rather hermitage of Rolandseck says, that it was christened after Roland the gallant nephew of Charlemagne, who, as the story goes, set out one day from his uncle's palace at Ingelheim on a picturesque tour, on the banks of the Rhine.—He dropped in at the chateau of a valiant knight, who

received him with a friendly squeeze of the hand; while his daughter (who like other young ladies in those good days, was not above being useful) ran to fetch him some home-made bread and wine. As she poured out the wine, with the grace of a Hebe, into a goblet adorned with the arms of the old Chatelain, and presented it with a blush to the nephew of the great king, he was struck with her beauty and modest grace; and was soon surprised to find certain enigmatical sensations creeping about him which he had never experienced before. His arm trembled as he took the goblet, and he involuntarily said to himself—"this never happened to me in presence of the enemy, or when opposed to the thick swords of the Saracens." At night Roland could not close his eyes for the image of the beautiful Hildegonda, which stood constantly before him. In the morning, when about to take leave, his kind host demanded his name. The modest Roland blushed as he gave it, for it was the glory of the whole country; and the knight was so enchanted at the distinction of his visitor, that he begged him to stay another day—Hildegonda said not a word—but her looks were eloquent, and Roland wanted little persuasion.

The fate of the young knight's heart was decided by his stay, and he only waited for an opportunity to declare himself. Such opportunities generally present themselves—and Roland, as he walked in the garden, found the young lady sitting in a pensive reverie, in which a bolder modern beau would have flattered himself he had a place. Roland's timidity, however, made him awkward in accosting her; and the young lady to conceal her own embarrassments, stooped to gather a rose just by.—The knight begged her to give it him—lamenting that as yet no emblem of happy moments adorned his casque; and that when his comrades boasted the beauty and virtue of their belles, he was obliged to look down and be silent. Hildegonda with a blush complied, saying, as she presented it to him—"All that is beautiful endures but for a moment."—Roland no longer hesitated to declare his passion—they swore to each other eternal fidelity; and the knight promised to return immediately after the campaign in Palestine, to lead his mistress to the altar.

After Roland's departure, Hildegonda led a retired and pensive life. The fame of her lover's achievements reached her, and gladdened her heart. One evening a travelling knight demanded hospitality at the castle—He had served in Charlemagne's army, and Hildegonda trembled as she demanded intelligence of Roland. "I saw him fall gloriously by my side, covered with wounds," said the knight;—Hildegonda turned pale at his words, and was motionless as a statue. Ten days afterwards she asked permission of her father to take the veil; and she entered the convent of Frauenworth, in an island in the Rhine. The bishop of the diocese, who was her relation, allowed her to abridge her novice

and profess herself at the end of three months.

Roland, who it seems had been left for dead on the field, and had afterwards recovered of his wounds, came soon after to her father's castle, to claim the hand of Hildegonda. In his grief at the tidings he received, he built a hermitage on a rock immediately above the island of Frauenworth, and called it Rolandseck, (Roland's corner.) Here he passed the remainder of his days, sitting at the gate of his hermitage, looking down on the convent which held his beloved object. When the matins bell roused him, he would rise and listen to the chanting of the nuns, fancying he could distinguish the voice of his Hildegonda; and when at night the lights glimmered in the cells of the convent, his imagination saw Hildegonda praying to Heaven for him.

Two years passed in this manner had nearly consumed his strength. One morning, looking as usual down on the convent, some people were digging a grave in the garden.—Something whispered to Roland, that this grave was for Hildegonda.—On sending to enquire, his conjecture proved true—he stood and watched the funeral procession, saw her corpse let down into the grave, and listened to the requiem chanted over her—and he was found not long after sitting dead before his hermitage, his eyes turned towards the convent!

Near the little village of Hirtzenach, between St. Goar and Boppard, the ruins of the two old castles of Liebenstein and Sternfels stand close together on a fine mountain covered with vines on the right bank of the river. Their grey mouldering towers nod at each other with a sort of rival dignity; and they go by the name of the Two Brothers.—Tradition says they were formerly inhabited by an old knight who had two sons equally dear to him, and a rich and beautiful young orphan was also brought up under his protection. Her charms increased with her years; and, as was very natural, the young knights both fell in love with their fair play-fellow.—When she arrived at a marriageable age, the father proposed to her to choose between his two sons; but she, knowing the sentiments of both, was unwilling to grieve either by preferring his rival. The elder son however believing that her heart a little inclined to his brother, resigned his pretensions, and besought her to declare in his brother's favour.—The old knight gave the young couple his blessing, but their union was delayed.—The elder brother saw without envy, but not without melancholy, the happiness of his rival. The charms of his beloved object increased in his eyes every day, and to fly from her presence he joined the Prince, residing at Rhense, and was admitted into his suite.

Just at this time St. Bernard was preaching the cross on the banks of the Rhine.—There was not a *chateau* near the river that

did not send a knight to Frankfort, where the Emperor Conrad presented the Saint to the people, who all took the cross. Almost every castle along the river, from Basle to Cologne, mounted a streaming flag, with the holy symbol of Our Saviour's sufferings; and the river and roads in the country were thronged with joyous companies flocking towards Palestine. The young intended bridegroom caught the general flame, and resolved to visit the Holy Land before leading his bride to the altar. In spite of his father's displeasure, and the ill-concealed tears of the young lady, he assembled his little troop and joined the Emperor's army at Frankfort.

The old knight dying soon after, the elder brother returned from Rhense to take possession of his ancestors' castle. Love was now ready to revive more strongly than ever in his breast;—but he overcame himself, and scrupulously treated the young lady with the kind protection of a brother.

—Two years had elapsed when the news arrived that the younger brother was returning from Palestine, accompanied by a beautiful Grecian dame, to whom he was betrothed. This intelligence cut his deserted fair one to the heart; and, according to the custom of the age in such disappointments, she resolved to take the veil. The elder son was indignant at this conduct of his brother; and, when a courier arrived at the castle to announce his approach, he threw down his glove, bidding him take that for answer.

The Crusader arrived with his fair Grecian at the Castle of Sternfels, his paternal inheritance—and a bloody war took place between the brothers, which they were on the point of concluding by single combat, when the young lady interposed and pacified them by her persuasions. She afterwards quitted the abode of her infancy and took the veil.

Sadness and mourning now reigned in the Castle of Liebenstein—while joy and dissipation occupied the inhabitants of Sternfels. The beauties of the Grecian dame, and the graces of her conversation, attracted around her all the gay knights of the neighbourhood; and she was by no means scrupulous in receiving their homage. The elder brother saw the disgrace of his brother, before he himself was aware of it, and soon found an opportunity to convince him of his wife's infidelity. The young knight would have sacrificed her to his vengeance; but she found means to escape. His elder brother pressed him in his arms as he was abandoning himself to his despair, saying—"Let us live henceforth together without wives, to do honour to the grief of our first love, who is now passing the brightest days of youth in a convent." The younger brother agreed, and they remained bachelors and inseparable friends for the rest of their days. Their race expired with them—and their old ruined castles, which still retain the name of "The Brothers," remind the traveller of their history.

A Treatise on the Pronunciation of the French Language. By P. J. Bekaert, Member of the University of Paris. London 1818. 8vo. pp. 80.

This is a very useful book of its kind, with a very ridiculous introduction. Mr. Bekaert modestly begins by stating that his "treatise contains all that can be wished for an elegant enunciation;" and then proceeds to make the following, among other notable observations:

We raise the voice on the syllables which are long, and lower it on those which are short. We occupy a longer space of time for the pronunciation of the former (i. e. the long syllables) than we do in pronouncing the latter (i. e. the short syllables.)

French is the language of polished people, and such as are desirous of shewing they have had a distinguished education; that fashionable idiom, which spreads so much charm in society, enables us to communicate with learned persons of almost every country.

This last sentence seems intended as an illustration in English of the difficulty of comprehending the genius of a foreign tongue, "the graces and niceties of which are not to be imitated;" and then comes the deep corollary,

Now, what are a great number of persons of good parts in want of, to feel the beauties of this (the French) language? Of nothing but a proper study of it!!!

To this proper study the author undertakes to direct them, and though it might not be expected that one who writes so absurdly could be a very capital guide, we are bound to say that his subsequent rules and remarks are excellent, and must be of infinite service to those who wish to be *au fait* at Parisian pronunciation. The first part treats of the accents on vowels and diphthongs; the second on consonants and their combinations; part third, rules for distinguishing the long syllables from the short. In all these views there are many critical canons which ought to be fixed on the mind of a French scholar; and upon the whole the subject is treated in a novel manner, which is calculated to impress a number of necessary and important facts upon the memory, which are either not noticed, or lost among the mass of other matters in the common grammars.

Contributions to the Science of Criminal Jurisprudence. Vol. I. By Dr. Schmid, of Jena, Counsellor of the Court of Appeal. Containing a public defence of Dr. Kohlrausch, Counsellor of the Medical Department, against a public affront.

This remarkable and highly interesting work, just published, has excited a strong

sensation in Germany. It paints in terrible colours the abuses in the celebrated hospital at Berlin called *La Charité*, illustrated by the affecting history of a female lunatic; and confirms the melancholy truth, that learned, meritorious, and in many respects upright men, may be hurried by their passions into grave errors. It proves by documents, that a tribunal, in general highly esteemed, may sometimes be guilty of weakness, and that even a minister who loves and practises justice, is not always on his guard against inconsistencies in his conduct.

It is hardly to be doubted but the minister of justice, and the Chamber of Justice at Berlin, will make some declaration respecting the contents of this work, as far as they are concerned. We extract, as the most attractive specimen for the British public, the

HISTORY OF THE UNHAPPY LUNATIC.

Louisa Thiele was the daughter of a man healthy in mind and body, and of a mother sometimes subject to hysterics, and who, particularly during her pregnancy with this infant, could not divest herself of a continual melancholy. Louisa was, when a child, rather weakly, but soon shewed symptoms of understanding and comprehension, which gave her parents great pleasure. She was sent to school in her seventh year, and cultivated with great eagerness every branch of instruction; religion in particular had the greatest charms for her; an inclination which her masters perhaps too much cherished in one of so tender an age. From this it may have proceeded that the approach of maturity brought on her a fever, which soon became mental alienation, at first shewing itself in the fixed idea, that she could not masticate, and could therefore eat no solid food. Nothing was neglected, for years together, by the first physicians, to restore her to health, and it at last seemed probable that an entire recovery might be expected. At this time her brother was drowned—and the much beloved Queen of Prussia died. It certainly is a proof of her excellent, but sorrowful heart, that both events had such an effect on her, that she seemed for a long time dead to all pleasures, sought only retirement, and enjoyed no comfort except at church, and in reading religious books.

Her father held a lucrative post, but lost it on account of the war, was obliged to live on what he had saved, and contract his expenses very much; his privations, his sorrows, increased the silent afflictions of the good daughter. Her mother at last became also ill, though not dangerously; but Louisa's filial fears created dangers. She wanted to administer to her beloved sick parent remedies and nourishment which were too dear for them, in their present narrow circumstances. The younger sisters sometimes reminded her of this, perhaps not mildly enough; and this grief apparently occasioned the return of the mental alienation.

Several physicians again undertook to

attend her, but as her poor parents could not supply her with the requisite remedies, they at last determined, after much persuasion, to trust their unhappy child to the *Charité*.

Very much worn out, and with the deepest melancholy in her countenance, she entered the establishment, complaining that her inside was torn, and her heart driven into her head, &c. Her continual screaming, and complaining of pain, was not, as it appears, taken for the symptom of the disorder, but for the disorder itself, and the whole method of cure chiefly directed to quieting her. The means used for this were, abundance of cold water, poured 16 pailfulls at a time over the head; fetters; a strait waistcoat; quick turning in a kind of machine; emetics; a hair rope; a sack, in which she was put, it was then tied, laid on the floor, and fastened to the bed-post; and lastly, a Megara of an attendant, called Mrs. Voigt, who when her crying incommoded her, scolded the unfortunate girl, boxed her ears, and forced her lips together with her hawk's claws, knocked her head against the wall, &c. All these harsh methods were made use of several times in the short space of eleven days, on a debilitated young girl, who had been very weakly from her childhood. It is to be conceived that the patient could not feel herself, with this treatment, more comfortable in the *Charité* than in her parents' house, and that her complaints increased daily. She often cried out with a voice which would have affected the heart of any tiger, that of Mrs. Voigt excepted: "Ah! my God! my Saviour! my good nurse! have pity on me! my sister! my father!" &c.

It might be supposed that her illness had so debased her, that it was become necessary to treat her as a mere brute animal; but that was not the case. Whenever Caroline Bühler, one of the witnesses, who visited her, spoke to her, the language of the patient was sensible and coherent, she did not fly from one subject to another, answered every question, and inquired herself respecting many things; only she always sought to turn the conversation on religious subjects. She often wept and sobbed, and if Caroline Bühler asked her why she wept so, she answered, "Ah! I long to be at home with my friends and relations! I am treated here so very cruelly!"

At last, on the 11th day of her stay in this hell, she was again put into a strait waistcoat, then into the sack, and over this sack a second sack was drawn, and in the first there was, besides, over her face a piece of black waxed cloth, and in this way the sacks were tied up, put on the ground beside the bed, and there fastened to the bed-post. In this state did this unfortunate girl lie for several hours, lamenting, crying, praying, despairing; during which Mrs. Voigt had a coffee party in the next room. Louisa's cries changed gradually into panting and groaning, and this became gradually lower, and at last she was quite still.

The coffee party now went into the chamber, for further recreation; the sacks

were opened, pulled down, and the poor Louisa was dead! Mrs. Voigt now screamed more than the patient had done before: "I am undone! give me a knife! I must kill myself!" But nobody had the politeness to rid the world of this monster; on the contrary, her female companions advised her to put the corpse in the bed, and say that Louisa had died there. This was done. Surgeons were called in, and every means attempted to restore her to life; but happily the girl's sufferings were terminated.

Her father was absent; and her mother in despair, incapable of acting, more distant relations gave information to the police of this death, which looked so much like a murder. The criminal tribunal examined into the affair, and acquitted the Counsellor Horn, because he affirmed that Louisa was not suffocated, but had died of an apoplexy. The sack, it was said, had been so coarse, that she might very easily have drawn breath; but that a piece of black wax cloth had been put before it to hinder this easiness of respiration, was not mentioned; nor was it inquired, whether corporal ill-treatment is in all cases calculated to restore lunatics; whether the mode of treating such patients in the *Charité* does not require a thorough reform; whether it is not necessary that the director of the institution, as well as those under him, should have, besides the other necessary qualifications, *feeling hearts?*

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR JUNE 1818.

I. De Usu Linguae Italicae saltem a saeculo quinto R. S. acroasis; accedit V. C. Scipionis Maffei in idem argumentum Italicae lucubratio.

Many Italian writers have pretended, that the people of Rome formerly spoke a vulgar idiom, different from the Latin; some have asserted that this idiom, with the exception of some slight differences, and the modifications produced by time, was the Italian language: but other writers have maintained, that these assertions cannot be supported. The late Laurence Pignotti, professor in the University of Pisa, in a dissertation inserted in the second volume of his History of Tuscany, declares the arguments alleged in favour of these assertions to be so frivolous, that they do not merit the honour of being refuted. This celebrated professor thus expressed himself in his "Essay on the Origin and Progress of the Italian Language," which was printed in 1813; and four years afterwards, M. Sebastian Ciampi, professor in the same University, reviewing this literary controversy, publishes a dissertation, in which he undertakes not only to prove the existence of a vulgar idiom, in which he recognizes a very great likeness with the Italian language, but also to demonstrate the existence of this language, at least ever since the fifth century.

Notwithstanding the great erudition and

the learned research displayed by M. Ciampi, his reviewer, M. Raynouard, seems to have demonstrated that he has totally failed in proving what he intended; and hews clearly, among other things, that a passage of Priscian (lib. v.) which M. C. partially quotes, to prove "that the vulgar Latin had articles which were the same as those of the Italian language," decidedly proves against his system.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SECRET LETTERS.

(Supposed to be written by Madame Bertrand.)

[Translation.]

LETTER V.

St. Helena, — November 1816.

Rejoice with us, my dear Caroline!—All your letters have come safely to hand; thanks to your ingenious stratagem. Our principal correspondent in America has been less fortunate. His second letter fell into the Governor's hands. Luckily it was written in ciphers, and it might as well have been Greek, for any information our learned Governor could derive from it.—'Tis not improbable His Excellency may send the letter to London; but even though he do, we have nothing to fear, for the cipher is the same as that which I communicated to you, and you know it is quite inexplicable without the key. The worthy Governor took the liberty of asking the Emperor why he corresponded by ciphers?—At this question Napoleon could not refrain from laughing, and instead of returning an answer, asked His Excellency whether he had been intercepting any letters to or from him?—He observed, that he could not prevent people from writing in ciphers to him, if they chose.

"Perhaps," added he, in an ironical tone, "I write my dispatches in ciphers; an old Diplomatist cannot easily break himself of that custom; but if I do, rely on it, Governor, you will never be the wiser for any thing that may fall into your hands." He then coolly turned his back on His Excellency, and His Excellency shook his head.

After all, losing that communication from America was a most vexatious accident; for it very likely contained something of importance. But we console ourselves by reading over and over again your dear letter, every syllable of which I am sure I can repeat by rote.

Napoleon is overjoyed at the restoration of Peace. Indeed we learnt that event some time ago from the public papers. We could not conceive how France managed to conclude such advantageous bargains, with a King not remarkably shrewd at her head. But now, since you have explained the ingenious combinations, and discovered to us the whole machinery which has been set in motion by wisdom, subtlety, and beauty, our

astonishment is at an end, and we rejoice at the certainty of enjoying glory and revenge on our return to France.

In the late treaty of Peace so many seeds of dissatisfaction have been sown, that, perhaps, ere this letter reach you, a new war will have broken out in Europe. To us such an event would be most unfortunate, for, above all things, we hope that the Diet at Frankfort will excite the impatience and dissatisfaction of the people.—Impatient they certainly must be, from the tardy proceedings of the Diet; and dissatisfied they will have good reason to be, if the condition should be adopted, that no individual can quit the spot where he was born until he has previously fulfilled his military services. This is entirely new to the people of Germany. Whoever could not find bread at home, and had strength and spirit to seek it abroad, was freely permitted to do so. The nobleman, the artist, the philosopher, and even the mechanic, were suffered to go and come when and where they thought fit. That, during a war, the grand object of which was to shake off the yoke of foreigners, every man, able to carry a musket, should be compelled to stay at home, and be in readiness to join the ranks, was by no means surprising:—But what grounds can there be for adopting such a regulation now?—

And, again—Why should each Confederate State have the right of rendering its subjects a kind of bondmen?—Bertrand says, they will again be reduced to the state of *glebæ adscripti* (you must ask your husband to explain this.) If every German were a subject of the whole of Germany, this would indeed be reasonable enough. There would be no injustice in compelling any individual who wished to proceed to France or Russia first to fulfil his military services to Germany: but not to Prussia or Saxony, Bavaria or Wurtemberg.

Even allowing that the new constitutions should be formed on the most liberal plan that can be wished, they will nevertheless enable every confederate Prince to compel his subjects to remain on his territories until they have fulfilled their military services. Thus a wide door is thrown open to despotism, and no former system of recruiting, not even Napoleon's conscription, was half so unjust; for the German then becomes a mere *glebæ adscriptus*. Conditions may indeed be imposed on the Diet, which, if fulfilled, will remove this privilege of the Prince, and enable the Subject to emigrate at his own pleasure; but it will always be easy for the Sovereign either to render the fulfilment of these conditions difficult, or to find some pretence for evading them altogether. Where then shall the subject appeal?—And even though there were a tribunal to which he could prefer his complaints, is it to be expected that the poor can contend with the rich, or the weak with the powerful?—In short, such unjust and oppressive measures are not likely to conciliate the people. They hoped, through the blood that has been shed, to enjoy greater freedom than before, but, on the

contrary, they will be more than ever enslaved.

All this I collected from a conversation between my husband and one of the German Commissioners. The latter is of opinion, that the Frankfort Diet will so arrange matters that nothing arbitrary need be apprehended. "That is a great point," said my husband; "yet I doubt whether it will be possible to frame a law that will not be perverted by some one or other of the confederate States, unless indeed every German, let him reside wherever he may, must, in case of necessity, take up arms under the flag of that Power under whose protection he may happen to live.—If this regulation be not adopted, old men may say, We have done nothing to serve our country, and yet we may go and reside wherever we please; our children, on the contrary, have all bled in their country's cause, and yet they are bondmen!—This can never be productive of good. We patiently bear misfortunes, when we know it only depends on ourselves to change our condition."

"But you must recollect," said the German Commissioner, "that the armies of every country are about four times greater than they were fifty years ago, and therefore stricter measures are requisite in order to keep up their numbers."

"Ah!" replied my husband, "that is like a man who says he must have more fuel, because, owing to the progress of luxury, he has more apartments to heat than a man in his circumstances had fifty years ago. Let armies be reduced! That will be advantageous in a thousand respects."

"But," said the Commissioner, "Louis XIV. was the first Sovereign who raised his army to such a boundless amount."

"No matter who was the first," replied Bertrand, "the blessings of mankind will attend him who shall be the first to abolish this terrible evil. I am aware of all that can be said respecting the fear of powerful enemies, &c.; but so long as that revolting inequality prevails between the merely consuming army and the producing citizen, no civil happiness can be looked for."

"I must confess," observed the Commissioner, "I am a little astonished to hear one of Napoleon's Generals argue in this way."

My husband smiled. "I am not now speaking as a general," said he, "but as a citizen of the world, looking down from this solitary rock on the mass of his fellow-creatures. Should I again become a general, I should wish to see the people of all nations in a state of slavery, for then we have no reason to fear their resistance."

"You forget," returned the Commissioner, "that the people of Russia are in a state of servitude, and you nevertheless experienced powerful resistance from them."

"You are entirely mistaken!" exclaimed Bertrand, "the people of Russia are in this and many other respects, slaves merely in name. In order to recruit the army, two, three, or perhaps five men, are every year

selected out of a hundred; the rest, though they should be the lowest Boors, are at liberty to travel through the country, and carry on their trades wherever they please. For this purpose they have merely to procure a ticket, which is never withheld on application, and is annually renewed. This ticket, which is perhaps procured in Kasan or Permian, may be produced at Riga or Mitau, or two or three hundred miles from the place where it was granted, and no one will hinder the bearer from carrying on his little trade or profession in any way he pleases—I have inquired particularly into this fact. Thousands of Russians come every Winter with dried fish, caviar, &c. from the interior of the Empire to the frontier-provinces, where they dispose of their goods and their horses; in the Summer they maintain themselves by gardening, and after saving some portion of their earnings, return home in the harvest, and in the following Winter pursue the same course over again. In Germany, on the contrary, no Pedlar can sell his matches two miles from the place of his abode without incurring the risk of being imprisoned by the Police, the Toll-keepers, the Excise-officers, &c. True freedom prevails where every individual may, without difficulty, turn his strength and industry to account; and this is the case in Russia, notwithstanding all the outcry that is raised against her despotic Government. The name of slavery exists in Russia; but other countries have the reality."

Bertrand was now growing warm, and the conversation dropped. Indeed we are much more interested in the decisions of the gentlemen at Frankfort, than the warlike preparations in which the Turks are supposed to be engaged.

We read with delight the information contained in your letter, and Napoleon has promised to write you an answer himself. Though (as I before informed you) one of our letters from America fell into the Governor's hands, yet we have received others of the most satisfactory tenor from the same quarter. Next year we expect to see your gallant Cousin; and in 1818, at the very latest, we shall bid adieu to this heap of rocks.

Already the vigilance of our prison-keepers begins to slumber. We have now been a whole year at St. Helena without making any attempt to escape, and, I dare say, John Bull begins to look upon the thing as impossible—Sometimes whole days elapse without our guards giving themselves any concern about us.

On our arrival here we paid great attention to the landing-place. The strong tide which the trade-wind brings from the southern side of the Atlantic, renders it difficult even in calm weather to bring a boat up to the shore—difficult but not impossible.—A vessel cannot indeed cast anchor to the leeward, and yet this is the only point which is at all favourable to our escape. It is fortified by several old and new batteries, one of which is mounted by 48 pounders, and lies close to the water;

but we could soon manage to get out of its reach, and the rest are so extremely high, that no ball fired from them could touch a vessel under sail. In short, our plan is so well contrived, that we could carry it into execution, though every piece of rock were converted into a battery.

This letter will be delivered to you by a faithful sailor, who has escaped on board an East-Indiaman, the crew of which have been bribed to conceal him. We have given him every requisite information, though verbally, and only by means of allegories; but we trust that your ingenuity and penetration will readily explain them. You will then proceed as prudence may dictate.—Adieu!—

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

FRENCH INSTITUTE.

Public Sitting of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres. M. Boissonade, President.

The Sitting of the 17th ultimo was opened by the announcement of the prizes proposed for competition in the years 1819 and 1820; next was read the decision pronounced on the Memoirs sent for the competition of 1818; and, finally, the prizes were proclaimed.

The subject proposed for 1818, was, the combination in one *Memoire* of all that can be collected respecting the *Annals of the Lagides, or the Chronology of the Kings of Egypt, from the death of Alexander the Great, to the subjugation of the country by the Romans, after the death of Cleopatra, the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes.*

The prize was adjudged to the *Memoire* enregistered under No. 1. the motto of which was, *Et ament indulgere periti.* (The author is M. J. J. Champollion Figleac.)

The Academy deemed worthy of honourable mention, a *Memoire*, having for its motto the following words of Tacitus: *Opus aggredior, opimum casibus, atrox præliis, discors seditionibus, ipsa pace sævum.*

After this proclamation, which was loudly applauded, M. Raoul Rochette read, for M. Dacier, a biographical notice on the late Ginguené, or rather on the works of that estimable man, whose political opinions seem not always to have enjoyed the advantage of being approved by the Secretary General. The author of the notice pronounced the sincerest eulogy on all that is good in the works of the deceased, and all that was still better in his private character.

We shall not notice a learned *Memoire* on the discoveries made in several islands of Asia, from ancient times up to the period of the voyages of Magellan. It is one of those productions, the merits of which cannot be decided on without mature consideration; it is impossible to analyse it from a single reading. The author is M. Walckenaer, a man distinguished for learning.

The general observations on the Egyptian Medals, by M. Tochon d'Anney, are probably good; but though read by M. Quatremere de Quincy, but little attention was paid to them; and the President finding it would be difficult to enter on another subject, without incurring the risk of a total desertion, prudently closed the Sitting a quarter of an hour before the usual time.

All these Memoirs were replete with sound erudition, though the subjects precluded the possibility of sacrificing to the Graces. Perhaps the most interesting, though we have omitted mentioning it in its proper place, was a notice by M. Dacier, on the life and writings of the celebrated geographical engineer, David Niebuhr, who died in Saxony on the 25th of April 1814. It abounds in facts hitherto but little known; it was listened to with an unusual degree of attention, and the interest was increased by the manner in which M. Raoul Rochette read the Essay.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE SOUND OF FLAME IN TUBES.

Mr. Faraday, the very ingenious Chemical Assistant in the Royal Institution, has, at the request of Mr. J. Stodart, made a number of curious and interesting experiments on the sounds produced by Flame. This property of flame, as evinced by hydrogen gas in combustion, was first discovered by Dr. Higgins 1777; and subsequent chemists attributed it to the alternate expansion and contraction of aqueous vapour. Mr. F. proves that this is not the case, by heating the tube into which the flame is passed above 212°, and still more decidedly, by producing the sounds from a flame of *carbonic oxide*. Neither do the sounds proceed from vibrations of the tube, since a cracked one answers for the experiment; nor from the rapid current of air through the tube, for with one closed at the end, or a bell glass, it succeeds. The production of these sounds is not confined to burning hydrogen, but possessed by all flame: and Mr. Faraday, with, as we presume, the able sanction of Mr. Stodart, concludes that the sounds are simply "the report of a continued explosion." We shall not detail the experiments, which are to be found in No. X. of the Journal of Science and the Arts, but referring to that publication, merely express our coincidence with the opinion therein maintained. Even without an apparatus, the constant and successive explosions of gaseous mixtures may be observed in the flame of a common gas-light, and there can be no doubt but that these explosions produce sounds, from the roar of a furnace to the modulated musical tones of a glass tube.—A musical instrument of flame (like the Eolian Harp) might now be constructed.

MEASURE AND FORM OF THE EARTH. (Simplified Popular Theory.)

The recent travels and experiments of M. Biot, the experiments making by Capt.

Mudge, Capt. Kater, and various movements among scientific men in distant parts of the globe, evince the zeal and ability with which, at this moment, the philosophers of England and France are endeavouring to solve the grand problem of the Earth's figure and measurement, as both may be ascertained by measuring distant degrees on the same meridian, and determining with the utmost precision the length of the Second's Pendulum in different latitudes.

Now, although our learned readers can gather nothing from the following simple and popular explanation of the mode and object of these operations, we give it place under the idea that it may be useful to a great majority of intelligent persons, though probably not so conversant with the subject as to be able fully to comprehend the statements now so frequently made public upon parts of the system.

We may premise, that the irregularities on the earth's surface are not nearly so great as the asperities upon the peel of an orange. The curvature may therefore be measured with mathematical rigour.

The knowledge of the figure of the Earth, the determination of its measure, and the variation of its gravity upon different parts of its surface, are indispensable elements in the theory of universal gravitation; and can alone discover to us if the density of the earth is equal throughout its mass, or whether it is different at different depths; and, lastly, enable us to form a fixed and universal standard of mensuration, founded on our knowledge of the precise dimensions of our globe, and applicable alike to the measure of its parts and of celestial space.

The astronomical phrase to "*measure a degree of the Meridian*," is often used, and yet perhaps it is not every one who can form a correct idea of what is meant thereby, though most of the reasoning on the important subject of this paper must be unintelligible without that knowledge.

When a vessel sails from the shore, at first the whole is visible to an eye upon the coast; but as the ship proceeds, it seems to sink into the horizon: the hull first disappears, then the lower sails, then the tops of the masts, and finally it vanishes altogether. This arises from the convexity of the earth, which intervenes between the eye of the spectator and the vessel. To those on board the phenomenon is similar: they first lose sight of the shore, then of the houses, then of the towers, then of the mountains, till at last they perceive nothing around them but a horizon of sea. This progressive sinking is also visible in the celestial constellations in travelling from North to South, or vice versa. The North Pole and its surrounding stars sink towards the horizon, as we advance to the South; on the contrary, they rise as we return. Every star partakes of these changes of elevation, which are caused by our change of place on the surface of the Globe. By measur-

ing with care their meridian altitude above the horizon of each place, we ascertain the number of degrees this altitude has changed for the distance we have travelled on the same meridian; and as from the immense distance of the stars all the visual rays which proceed from them to every point of the earth at the same instant form no appreciable angle, it follows, that the angle so observed is really nothing but the mutual inclination of the horizons of the two places to which the observer has transported himself upon the same meridian; or, in other words, it is the angle comprised between the vertical drawn in these two places perpendicularly to the surface of the earth. If then we measure also the distance of the two stations upon this same substance by means of a determined standard of length (the mile for example,) we shall know that in the part of the earth where the observation is made such an angle between the two verticals answers to such a number of miles; so, by simple proportion, we deduce the number of miles which correspond to an angle of one degree.

This is to measure a degree of the meridian.

Now, suppose the same operation repeated upon different parts of the same meridian; for instance, in England, France, and the Guinea coast:—if the earth be exactly spherical, each meridian will be a circle, of which the terrestrial verticals will be so many radii.

In this case, to find an angle of one degree between two successive verticals, it will be necessary to traverse an equal length of arc; that is to say, to advance upon the same meridian, from North to South, or from South to North, an equal number of miles. But if certain parts of the meridian be flatter, and others more convex, this equality will no longer exist; in that part where the curvature is more flat, it will be necessary to proceed further before we compass an angle of one degree between the verticals of the extreme stations, and where the curvature is more convex, not so far. Thus we can judge of the flatness or convexity of each part of the meridian by such comparisons. Now, in making the experiment, we find that the terrestrial degrees are the shortest possible at the equator, and the longest near the poles, and that they go on gradually expanding from one of these limits to the other, as upon an elliptic curve; at least when the comparison is made between places sufficiently distant to prevent the law of the variation of the degrees, which is very gradual, from being confounded with unavoidable errors of the observation. From hence the conclusion has been drawn, and with reason, that the terrestrial meridians are ellipses slightly flattened at the poles, and protruding at the equator; and, further, by repeating the experiment upon different meridians, it has been ascertained that the absolute lengths of the degrees at equal distances from the equator, differ insensibly, or at least so little, that the observations hitherto made have been insufficient to es-

tablish any decided difference.* From this equality also it has been concluded, that all the terrestrial meridians have exactly, or very nearly, the same form, and are nothing more than the repetition of the same ellipse turning round a straight line, drawn from one pole of the earth to the other; that is to say, that the earth is an ellipsoid of revolution, flattened at the poles and protruding at the equator; therefore the length of the degrees measured upon this ellipsoid, determine its absolute measure in parts of the same scale, consequently in miles, if a mile be the standard arc we made use of for the progressive measure of the degrees.

This simple illustration of the theory of the measurement of the Earth and ascertainment of its exact form, will be found, we trust, not only plain and intelligible, but useful as a key to the numerous philosophical communications, in almost every periodical work, which result from the operations now carrying on to determine the great questions connected with the subject of this notice. The variation of the Second's Pendulum in different latitudes, according to the greater or less degree of the Earth's gravitation at these points, serves to verify the measurement of the meridional degrees.

* The degree measured by Lacaille, at the Cape of Good Hope, would alone seem to offer some probability of difference in the degree of flattening in the Northern and Southern hemispheres; but this difference being confirmed neither by the experiments upon the pendulum, nor by the amount of mean compression deduced from the theory of the moon, ought to be considered as very doubtful. For this reason, it is much to be desired that the experiment should be again made of measuring an arc of the meridian at the Cape. This would perhaps be the most useful operation to astronomy that it would be possible to undertake at the present day.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANIES.

Rubbing the skin with camphorated oil is the best protection against the attack of mosquitoes in hot countries.—*Abel's China.*

The *Mangostan*, a fine fruit of Java, about the size of a small orange, exudes a yellow gum from its succulent rind in wet weather, which is a variety of *Gamboge*: the *Gamboge* of commerce is derived from a plant of the same genus as the *Mangostan*, viz. the *Garcinia Cambogia*.

THE FINE ARTS.

The principal Artists of the city of Worcester have at length determined upon a public exhibition of their works, in which they will be materially assisted by the consent of the Corporation for the use of a room in the Guildhall. They hope, from the encouragement held out, that they may be able, under all the disadvantages of a first exhibition, to produce a few pictures which may at once add credit to individual talent, and to the city that produced it.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BY LORD BYRON.

And wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet Lady, speak those words again!
Yet, if they grieve thee, say not so;
I would not give thy bosom pain.

My heart is sad—my hopes are gone—
My blood runs coldly through my breast;
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a beam of peace
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine;
And, for a while my sorrows cease
To know that heart hath felt for mine!

O Lady! blessed be that tear,
It falls for one who cannot weep;
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eyes no tears may sleep.

Sweet Lady! once my heart was warm
With every feeling soft as thine;
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
A wretch—created to repine.

Then wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet Lady! speak those words again!
Yet, if they grieve thee, say not so;
I would not give thy bosom pain!

New Monthly Magazine.

AN INVOCATION.

Hear! hear! thou blessed Power!—
Thou who before man's earliest hour
Above you starry wilderness didst reign,
And rule the boundless Heavens;—and with such
sway,
(Though mortal eye might never penetrate)
As Eastern monarchs in their proudest day
Could but faintly imitate—
Thou, who didst form the peopled earth—the
main—

And all their works and wonders—deign
Ah! ever deign to smile upon the Poet's page,
And bid him ne'er admit that scoffing strain
Which hath so often charm'd this 'laggard age':
Tell him, that tales of love may well be fram'd
In lovely fictions, meet for woman's eye,
And freed of that impurity
Which hath the good and graceful ever shamed,
By which no *lofty* Bard did ever try
To cheat the judgment or deprave the heart—
Bid passion with its gorgeous shows depart,
And ribald wit, and loose voluptuousness—
And leave for evermore the poet's line:
And in their place beam tenderness!
Such as the chaste-eyed maid may dare confess,
Or seraphs, wandering thro' their haunts divine,
May own unsham'd.—And oh, let the patriot's
fire

His minstrelsy inspire,
While he shall sing of those who stood their
ground
Bravely, and battled in the unequal fight,
When Gaul's imperial phalanx hemm'd them
round,

And flash'd in armed thousands on their sight
Undaunted—Then how well did they maintain
Our own peculiar character—no stain
Of recreant hue did soil their old renown—
And oh, (far more) no stern exulting eye
Spoke the poor arrogance of victory,
Useless, as cruel: and who now may tell
That like disasters which his foes befell,
Ere the moon wanes, quench not his beaming eye?
Take then good heed, that in prosperity

Ye vaunt not—'Tis in perilous times alone
The proud look ye may wear—the steady eye—
Like the plum'd eagle on his mountain-throne,
When with unruffled wing he rears his form,
And cuts the opposing winds, and breasts the
driving storm. W.

ON VIEWING THE DEAD BODY OF A BEAUTIFUL
INFANT.

*Nascentes moritur finisque
Ab origine pendet.—Horace.*

There is a smile upon that cheek—
Those lips would seem almost to speak;
Calm is that look, that brow is fair,
The flaxen ringlet wantons there!
And well those features sweet we trace,
Which hover on that angel face;
He seems enwrap't in slumber deep—
Ah, Edwin! 'tis thy long, last, sleep!

The chill of death is on that cheek—
Those lips shall never silence break!
No soul is in that cherub smile,
Illusive charm, and lovely guile!
The eye has shot its final spark,
The liquid, lustrous orb—is dark!
And swift must every feature fly
From the soft face of infancy.

And now—the kiss of agony,
"Whose touch thrills with mortality,"
The Parents give—but who shall tell
The anguish of that fond farewell!
Yet, from the grave's mysterious night
That form again shall spring to light!
E'en now in yon eternal rest,
The unearthly mansion of the blest,
The uncloth'd Spirit joins the hymn
Swelling from burning seraphim.
And were our passport to the skies
As his—then speed each hour that flies,
And Earth, let each successive sun
Swift rise—swift set—be bright, and done.'

Plymouth Dock. N. T. C.

SONNET,

*Addressed to a young Friend who had lost her
Father.*

Lady! it hath been said, that 'Man is born
To trouble, as the sparks fly upward'—thou,
And I myself have felt this true ere now;
But who hath found his path without a thorn?
None, Lady—none, save those whom Nature's
scorn
Cursed with hard hearts, that beat not to the
tune
Which feeling plays on thrilling souls like thine:
Nor, deeming such more fortunate, repine—
For they, like weeds beneath the chill-ray'd
Moon,
Grow rank without sensation. Grief is mine
To see thee grieve—yet chide I not thy weeping!
Unwept we cannot those we loved resign—
And oh, His memory, in the cold grave sleeping,
May claim thy innocent heart's most holy keep-
ing! EUSTACE.

LINES

On the Death of Madame De C—lie.

When Heaven recalls the Friends it gave,
Thro' time and trial dear,
Our hopes go with them to the grave,
And all is darken'd here.
Yet sure 'twere better Heaven should part,
Than live by fortune parted?
For Heaven recalls to heal their heart,
Whom Earth made broken-hearted!

Then 'tis a wayward grief to weep,
That they have slept the quiet sleep.

And when our friends are far away,
Beside their loss, we bear
The painful thought, where'er they stray,
Their griefs will haunt them there:
But, when the virtuous die, we know
They leave us to be blest—
For we are taught, that where they go
The weary are at rest.
Oh, this should make us wish, not weep,
To sleep, like them, the quiet sleep!

But not for them the tear is ripe—
But not for them the woe—
The living weep to find that life
Is worthless when they go:
Yet who would even *this* grief gainsay?
'Twere most unfit in me—
For I have mourn'd the fatal day
Thou didst, De C—lie:
And many an eye hath cause to weep
That thou hast slept the quiet sleep.

Ah, they who boast few friends below,
May well, indeed, repine—
Nor be it deem'd presumption, tho'
I say that thou wast mine:
No lukewarm, no lip-fervent one,
As many might confess,
Whose welfare blossom'd in the sun
Of thy kind-heartedness:
And they, and I, have cause to weep
That thou hast slept the quiet sleep!

EUSTACE.

O ἦλιος.

Written in an Arbour.

My soul was sad—bright thro' the breaking clouds
The white-flam'd orb burst forth,
And shed a silvery purple—breathing light
Their blackness round: I gazed, and gladden'd
soon—

I gladden'd to excess, and, drunk with joy
Most pure, most palpable, forgot my grief.
Transporting visions crowded on mine eye,
Fairer, if thought can figure aught more fair,
Than the live seas of light that billow'd on
Each beauteous curl to give another space.
The Sun's full centre gave the eye access
Its eagle gaze to fix and fasten there.
'Twas eve. 'Twas mellowed, and the edging
clouds

Enthron'd its majesty, suspending round
Divinest tapestry, by Nature's hand
Wrought and perfected, and most tastily
In folding splendor waving to the breeze—
Pavilion fit for such magnificence,
To show or shroud its grandeur.

Y-NOT.

LINES ON HEARING THE CHURCH BELLS.

A gloom will o'er my senses steal
Oft as I hear yon distant peal;
It strikes upon my sudden'd heart,
Recalls events long pass'd—Dear friends depart.
In early days, when fancy charm'd,
When youth's gay dream my bosom warm'd,
Joyous, each sound fell on my ear,
Sorrow ne'er sought to mingle there.
A warning voice, I hear thee now,
Soon, sad will be thy fall, and low;
Soon to the busy throng thou'll tell
Of her, who bade this world farewell!
Her wither'd hopes and thoughts recall,
For her no kindred tear will fall,
Ingratitude has barb'd the dart
Which pierc'd a trusting feeling heart.

Yet One, perhaps, whose soothing power
Sustain'd her in affliction's hour,
May hover near her humble bier,
And to her memory drop a tear.

CAROLINE C.

EPIGRAM.

On hearing it said that a young Man was going into the Army, who, with his brother, were both *Wards* of one Gentleman.

Our Friend's TWO *WARDS* are fix'd at last,
In life, or else 'tis story,
One takes the law's intricate course—
One pants for martial glory.

He'll make no soldier, Sir, I'm sure,
For reasons I've just now heard—
And what are they? Why, Sir, 'tis plain,
A *Co-WARD* must be a *COWARD*.

VALIANT.

LINES

Written the following morning after viewing the Western Sky, on Friday August 7, 1818, between the hours of seven and eight o'clock; of which I may safely say, that neither pen nor pencil will ever do justice to the scene the setting Sun lit up in heaven on that eve.

Last eve thy day was glorious—since my birth
Never in right reality till then
Mine eyes in living characters drank in
Its full-tide glory—'T here, enthron'd in Heaven
In all the radiant liveries of light,
Beaming unusual splendor, sat the Sun
Dispensing grandeur—all the gorgeous West
Decking with brilliancy:—and when in ocean
He plung'd his fiery orb, the far expanse,
Where he had rioted, retained the glow
His presence had imparted, as the clouds,
Trailing the golden blaze, like islets fraught
With living phosphor, sail'd, the softer blue
Converting into greener mellowness
Its mingling beauties—Heav'n appear'd oppress'd
With such a tide of glories, as had fain
Bid young Amaze imagine it had beggar'd
The very fount of life, and from its centre
Drawn light concentrate—thus to dissipate
Its essence—scattering far and wide,
In far-off float, each several particle
That erst compos'd the all-enlight'ning mass,
The delegate of Deity, that warns
Into existence all that is, and keeps
In conscious being all the Universe.

Y-NOT.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

No. VII.

ON GUARD FOR THE FIRST TIME.

----- "The Soldier little quiet finds,
But is exposed to stormy winds
And weather."

L'ESTRANGE.

"Hopfinan,* wake me at six o'clock to-morrow morning, or I shall never be in time for Guard (pronounced affectedly, Gard;)—and, I say (in a slow con-

* Hopfinan, a German Valet de Chambre.

ceited tone,) but let me have the last boots which Hoby made me—not the Wellingtons, nor the dress boots, nor any of the six pair in the closet, nor the iron heeled ones, but the last ones with copper heels;—and, I say, be sure to use the blacking made after Lord R—'s receipt, which comes to so much money, that which has Marasquina in it, and oil of lavender, and about twenty other things, and has such a superior polish;—and, I say, fetch home my regimental jacket from Scott's;—and, I say, see that it is well padded on the breast, which gives a martial air, and well stuffed on the shoulders, so as to give me my *natural* look of strength;—and, I say, lay out the pantaloons which were made by the German soldier under the patronage of the Prince Vanstinkerstein,—not those made by the leather breeches maker, nor any whatever made by my three English tailors;—and, I say, put two handkerchiefs in my regimental jacket, one of cambric and one of my Barcelonas;—and, I say, perfume them well; and let me have my gold snuff-box with the sleeping beauty on it, for which the Italian took me so d—ly in;—not the gold embossed one, nor the gold engine-turned, nor the gold antique box, nor the silver gilt, nor the one which I bought at the Palais Royale;—and, I say, order my tilbury to take me down to the *Gard*, for I shall otherwise get my boots dusty, and might be run against by some coal-porter or sweep, and have my French scarlet cloth soiled; besides, one looks heated and flustered after a long walk from Harley Street to the Parade, instead of coming cool into the field;—and, I say, I'll wear the twenty guinea gold chain round my neck, with my quizzing glass; and you must bring down my silk night-gown, and Turkish embroidered slippers, in order to astonish the weak minds of *mes Camarades*; and I must have my backgammon-board *pour passer le tems*, and my poodle-dog to play with; and you may take a coach and bring my violoncello with you, and my writing-desk, that I may write billet-doux, in order to soften the hardships of war;—and, I say, I must have the cedar-box of cigars, my gold cigar tube, my German bag, some scented tobacco, and my *ecume de mer pipe*; 'twill pass an hour, and it looks so soldier-like to smoke on *Gard*;—and, I say, I must have a cambric *chemise*, with the collar highly starched for dressing time—one of those which look like wipers; and you may bring another regimental jacket—either the one made by Scott so nicely pigeon-tailed, or that

made by Weston; and I must have my musical snuff-box for dinner; you'll put Prince's mixture in it, and high-dried in the other; and you'll bring my light morocco boots for dinner, with soles as thin as a wafer;—and, I say, I shall begin to dress at five or half after, for it is too warm to hurry one-self; and I must have my hair brushes, and my razors (for which he had very little use,) and damask napkins, and rose water for my eyes, and all my soaps, and some white wax for my nails, and all my paraphernalia set in gold, with my crest on each article in my best dressing case;—and, I say—" (Servant) 'Meinheer?' "Nothing; you may go away now; but be sure to awaken me at six. What a bore *Gard* is!"

Thus ended the colloquy betwixt a young Cousin of mine and his servant; and although he called being on Guard "a bore," yet he was delighted with this debut, and quite captivated with "all the pomp and circumstance of war." Thus mounted he his first Guard, and gave me the following account of the manner in which he spent his time.

I walked up and down St. James's Street and Pall Mall forty-four times; sent my servant home for my stop-watch, and made a calculation of the time which it took to go from Hoby's corner to the St. James'; looked in at Parslow's, and lost some money at billiards; my hand shook like h—l; but I drank some Curaçoa, and took three ices afterwards to cool myself; spoke to two and twenty pretty women, and bowed to fifty carriages, by which I got a stiff neck; hung on to Lady Mary's carriage facing White's for just twenty minutes, and was evaded by the whole street; played a tune on my violoncello, and amused myself a whole hour, by my repeater, in teaching my poodle to do his exercise with a cane, and to smoke a pipe, thus fitting him for a military life; read the Racing Calendar, and a table of odds at betting; looked into the Horse Guards, and found a rascal dunning my friend Bellamour; kicked the fellow down stairs; and took a hit at backgammon; treated my brother officers on Guard with some *liqueurs*; dined, got half and half, looked in at some gambling shops, came off minus ten guineas—devilish lucky! for at one time I was out a hundred; met Lord Sommerfield and Dick Dandy in the hands of the watchmen; drew my sword like a man, and put the raggamuffins to flight; saw the sun rise in St. James's Park,—beautiful, by Jove! wrote a dozen billet-doux, and made as many appointments, not half of which

I shall keep; bivouacked (very like bivouacking!) for an hour on three chairs; smoked a pipe, which did not agree with me; was relieved, (by the Guard, be it understood;) came home, and slept until dinner time.

It will be unnecessary to comment on the useful life of this my young Cousin, nor on the active nature of his services. He is, however, very young, very good hearted, but, unfortunately for him, very vain and very handsome. I have often done every thing in my power to break him of being such a puppy; but it is all in vain. He holds the last generation very cheap indeed, and laughs at the old school, and at myself as much as any of them.

I endeavoured to point out to him how idle such a division of time was, and that, even on guard, a man might do something useful and ornamental; that he might read improving books in and out of his profession, draw, play on some instrument, and learn languages by study; and that tactics, histories of campaigns, and mathematics, would be most exemplary lessons for these occasions. But my *Exquisite* cousin seemed to think that "all that" was impossible in London, and far beneath a *Gardsmen*; adding, that the *Gards* behaved as well in the field as any men, that it was time enough to study when a man was going on actual service, and that he was as well pleased with his first *Gard* as if he had returned home covered with glory.

He considered himself as now completely lunched in high life, and as having received the last stamp of fashion by being an officer in the Guards. He assured me that he was considered as a very hopeful recruit—as a very prime fellow, by his brother officers: they said that he had nothing of the freshman—of the green-horn about him, and that he was as much *the thing* as if he had been a red coat for a twelvemonth. He furthermore informed me, that his *liqueurs* were very much admired,—that he had been offered a pony for his German pipe, which cost him sixty guineas from the famous Mr. Hudson, and was a splendid article,—that he had had fifty guineas bid for his musical snuff-box,—that he had given a dozen receipts for his superior blacking,—that his taste was generally admired,—that Poodle was considered as very little inferior to *le Chien Munito*,—and that he had received a score of invitations, and was to be proposed as a member of all the best Clubs in town. The plain English of all this is, that my poor Cousin is now enlisted under Fashion's banner, is a recruit of pleasure—

an aspirant of sensuality—that he is about to become the dupe of gamblers, and the imitator of the great,—that his moderate fortune is marked down for a finish,—and that he is on the high road to ruin. The peace is an unlucky circumstance for him, since actual service and going abroad, years and experience, would be the only cure for his fashion-fever—the only check to his extravagance, for he pays no regard to the lectures of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR THOMAS BERNARD, BART.

Was descended from an ancient and respectable family, originally seated in Yorkshire, but latterly in the counties of Northampton, Bucks, and Lincoln. Sir Thomas Bernard, Bart. formerly of Iver Lodge, Bucks, and since of Roehampton Priory in Surrey, was the third son of Sir Francis Bernard, Bart. Governor of New Jersey and Massachusetts Bay, and was born at Lincoln on the 27th of April 1750. Having accompanied his father, when young, to America, he studied at Harvard College in New England, and took a degree of Master of Arts there. On his return to London, he entered himself of Lincoln's-Inn, and in 1780 was called to the bar, and practised many years in the conveyancing line, in which he obtained high reputation. On the 11th of May 1782 he married Margaret, one of two daughters and eventually sole heiress of Patrick Adair, Esq. which marriage adding considerably to his income, he gradually withdrew from his profession, and took up the line of honourable and useful employment in which he so greatly distinguished himself for the rest of his life—that of suggesting and forwarding all charitable and other useful public establishments, and of composing and publishing many excellent works, the chief object of which was to diffuse moral, religious, and industrious habits amongst the lower orders, and to increase their comforts and improve their condition in life, which publications are so universally known as to make any recital of them quite unnecessary. In his first marriage, as well as in that which took place afterwards on the 15th of June 1815 with Charlotte Matilda, youngest daughter of Sir Edward Hulse Bart. he always considered himself very fortunate, from that congeniality of temper and disposition which existed, and which is so conducive to mutual happiness. Having rendered himself very serviceable as one of the governors of the Foundling Hospital, in conducting their business, he was in 1795 elected treasurer of that corporation, and resided on the establishment eleven years, giving a constant and zealous attention to all its concerns, the revenues of which he greatly augmented by his plan of building,

upon a part of the Hospital's estate, several handsome streets and squares, to one of which the governors thought fit to give his name; and upon his resignation in December 1806, he was elected a vice president, and so continued till December 1810. In 1796 he proposed, and in concert with the Bishop of Durham, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Morton Pitt, and others, established the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor, which has been the means of diffusing over the country a large mass of useful information, producing every where an evident effect in improving the situation and conduct of the poorer classes. In 1799 he set on foot the plan of the Royal Institution, for diffusing useful knowledge, and applying science to the common purposes of life: which objects were promoted, first, by the collection of a most valuable library, which, next to that of the London Institution, is the best that is accessible in England; secondly, by the delivery of lectures, and thus affording a school for useful instruction to the young people of the metropolis, and bringing forward to public notice many learned and able men in the capacity of lecturers, and in its laboratory, whence many important discoveries have emanated. In 1801 the Archbishop of Canterbury conferred upon him a Lambeth degree of A.M. and at the same time the University of Edinburgh sent him a degree of LL.D. In the same year his kind friend and relative the Bishop of Durham appointed him Chancellor of that diocese

Per augusta ad augusta.

His chief residence, for the last twelve years of his life, was in Wimpole Street, London.

Among the most important of his works, those entitled *The Barrington School*; *The Cottager's Meditations*; *Dialogues between Monsieur Francois and John English*; the entire Prefaces and most of the Reports of the Society for bettering the Condition of the Poor; *Spurius*, or the Comforts of Old Age; have been the most popular. This last work was printed privately in 1813, and given away to his friends; but the applications becoming so numerous, he was induced in 1816 to publish it, with considerable additions: it has since gone through four editions. His last and most laboured work was entitled, "The Case of the Salt Duties," the reduction, or total repeal of which he strongly recommended. During the last winter he had been much indisposed, which induced him early in the present summer to repair to Leamington Spa, where, after a short residence, the symptoms grew alarming. A dropsical affection came on, which, increasing, overpowered his breath, and hastened the termination of his valuable life, and on Wednesday forenoon, the 1st of July, he expired without a struggle, in the 69th year of his age. His remains were brought to London, and interred on Friday the 10th of July, in a vault under the Foundling Chapel. As he has left no issue, his title devolves on his only surviv-

ing brother, Scrope, of Winchendon, Bucks, and of Pall Mall London, who in 1811, by royal licence, added the name of Morland to that of Bernard, and who in the present parliament is member for St. Mawes.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—The injunction against opening this Theatre as usual, has been dissolved by the same authority which imposed it, and the Sub-committee, or its debris, are entitled to act in spite of the Special Committee. It is surely worth while, however, in a matter of so much importance to all the parties concerned, to pause a little before they allow the fury of disputation so far to master good sense as to perpetuate this wrangle instead of endeavouring, by cordial and unanimous exertion, to heal the wounds already inflicted, and sustain the sinking body. We know not how much the personal feelings of some of the gentlemen most conspicuous on either side, may be stung, so as to render them hostile to accommodation; but of this we are sure, that the public will not sympathise with them, and that those whose properties are implicated ought to be equally resolute in ridding the concern of both. Were the Theatre A and B's, A and B might fight it out, destroying the theatre in their litigious quarrel; but C, D, E, and all the rest of the alphabet, are interested, and it is their business to take care that the two first letters do not sacrifice their property on the altar of spleen and contention. The public too have a right to be attended to in this case; and in the name of the public we think we might venture to tell the Drury Lane disputants, that if they do not wipe up their quarrel, and say no more about it, they may see a third theatre erected in proportions more agreeable to the really excellent performance of the legitimate drama than the houses of spectacle and straining humanity.

It would be advisable for the general body of Drury Lane Proprietors to meet uninfluenced by party feelings, and, as the independent gentlemen sometimes do in the House of Commons, come to resolutions which would set both whigs and Tories to rights. To us, as observers, it certainly is evident that those who so notoriously mismanaged the theatre last season, will never by their conduct redeem it from its embarrassments. They were every way incapable: tyrannical and capricious in their proceedings behind the scenes, the company fell into disunion and broils; stupid in their judgment of dramatic productions, they devolved the task of selection upon wretched understrappers, who foisted their own or their friends' trash upon the town, at great expense to the concern, and, as might well have been foreseen, without a return beyond unequivocal condemnation on the first nights. This system must bring ruin. The Sub-committee ought at least to have nothing to do with the stage

management. On the other hand, some of its members have been liberal in their aid to the theatre, and deserve consideration as its benefactors. Their mistakes were of the head—and it was only in consulting their little vanities that they failed, not in want of zeal for the prosperity of the business. For this, though justly opposed for their bad management, they merited nothing of a vexatious and angry attack, which was sure to beget resistance, and involve the concern in deeper embarrassments. It does appear to us feasible, that a meeting of the Proprietary might limit the Sub-committee to that part of their functions which did belong to them, and which they did well, the general control and attention to the finance, while a regular theatrical management was formed, not liable to the private and personal interference of any meddling member of that board. In this way the affairs of Drury Lane might soon be retrieved.

Since writing the above, we learn that the Theatre is likely to open on the 5th of September.

HAYMARKET.—**THE GREEN MAN.**—In the *Literary Gazette* of 18th of October, will be found an account of this comedy in three acts, as produced at L'Odeon in Paris, under the title of *L'Homme Gris*. It is the work of Messrs. Daubigny and Ponjol, for French dramatists are much given to hunt in couples, and the plot, taken originally from a novel of Augustus La Fontaine, is in many respects similar to that of *Le Dissipateur*. Its success on the Parisian stage was a fair recommendation to Mr. Jones, our excellent comedian; and by his translation and adaptation, he has unquestionably added the laurel of authorship to that of acting, and now shines in both. We believe it is his first literary offence, and the worst we wish it is, that it may be forgotten many years before we cease to have the pleasure of witnessing his lively bustle and inexhaustible activity upon the boards.

For such of our readers as may not be able to refer to the Number of the *Gazette* we have quoted (No. 39,) we must sketch a brief outline of the fable of the *Gr—Green*, we were going to say *Grey* man, but Mr. Jones has changed his colour, and as the result did not cause him to look blue, we must not look black upon it.

Sir George Squander (Mr. Barnard) married to the accomplished daughter of a village apothecary (Mrs. Glover), against the wishes of his uncle, Lord Rocroft (Mr. Foote), is a generous, but thoughtless fellow, ruined in his narrow fortune, and cut off, in consequence of this offence, from his relative's large possessions. His ruin is accelerated by a valet (Russell) employed by his uncle, whose plan is to plunge him into distress so great as to induce him to consent to a divorce as the price of his deliverance. Among his visitors are Crackley, a Frenchified fop (Jones), but better at heart than he seems to be by his frivolity; Commissary Bibber (Connor) a great cellar-

man, and Major Dumpling (Tokely) of the Local, a professed gourmand: these are the lions or curiosities of the party; and, though last not least, the mysterious Green Man (Terry), a cynic dressed from top to toe in that colour, and a friend of Lady Squander's and her sister Bertha (Miss Blanchard), whose plainness of speech is rude and obnoxious, but whose genius predominates over the resentments which would cause another man for half his taunts to be thrown out by the window. A pert waiting woman (Mrs. Gibbs), and an old usurer (Wilkinson), who calls himself a money-broker, complete the dramatis personae. The schemes of Lord Rocroft, secretly promoted by the Green Man, who has a counter-plot, are brought to a crisis, Sir George Squander is arrested, his house seized, and all his friends, who have the power to aid, desert him. Bertha and Crackley, however, prove their sincerity, the former by pawing a diamond necklace, which she had received from the Green Man, and the latter by mortgaging his estate, in order to raise money to procure the release of the prisoner. The uncle still presses the separation as the only means of restoring affairs; but this is indignantly rejected, and the Green Man charges him with having defrauded his nephew of 40,000*l.* of which he has the proofs. He also turns out to be the maternal uncle of the spendthrift, and the repentance and restitution of the Peer leads to the happy denouement, and reconciliation of all parties. Even this long detail comprises but a meagre outline of this piece, which is abundant in incident (as most dramas of German source are,) and never stands still for want of something to be said or done.

The Green Man, though not entirely, is almost an original character upon the English stage, and the part is admirably performed by Terry. His biting remarks, his shrewd turns, his little wavering in the hour of distress, especially when supplanted by his favourite Bertha, are as finely portrayed as can possibly be imagined. The dry humour, with the apparent unconsciousness of having said a good thing, and the quietness of his self-possession at all times, shewed an actor of great judgment and fine taste. Jones's fop was smart and comic,—not too contemptible to cause us to despise the roxcomb, yet sufficiently dandyish to warrant the dislike of the Green Man. Tokely made a good caricature of the guttling Major, and Connor both dressed and played the Commissary well: his face ought to be more vinous. What Mrs. Glover had to do was feelingly and judiciously done; and Miss E. Blanchard made Bertha one of the prettiest looking young ladies upon the London stage. Under the alarm of an untied part she acquitted herself very ably. Russell in the Valet, and Wilkinson in the Miser, had not scope for any display, and Mrs. Gibbs was still more limited. Indeed the latter character is altogether unnecessary in this as in the French play. But

there was no drag in the performance, and a most unanimous and applauding decision sanctioned the Green Man in the repetition of his caustic remarks for at least the remainder of the Haymarket season.

ENGLISH OPERA.—On Thursday a lively little novelty was produced here, called "Jealous on all Sides; or the Landlord in Jeopardy." We can only give the plot.

The business arises out of the jealous anxieties of Alexo and Fabricio, who both temporarily place the Ladies they propose to marry in the house of Possada. The fair ones in consequence get "mixed." Much confusion and vexation is experienced by the lovers through one Lady being mistaken for the other; and Possada, the landlord of the house, and his servant, Farrago, come in for their share of trouble, as at one time the only contention between Fabricio and Alexo is, which shall have the pleasure of being their executioner. In the end, explanation satisfactorily dispels all the jealousies which had been excited, and the celebration of a double marriage makes the joy of the parties complete.

VARIETIES.

Metorology.—The Weather.—It is stated from Philadelphia, that the thermometer in that city lately stood at 102, average 100; and that four or five persons died by imprudently drinking cold water, notwithstanding the frequent warnings that have been given.

It is worthy of remark also, that the heat of the present Summer season has been (as far as we have intelligence) universal. From the North to the South of Europe, there has been a higher and longer-continued degree of heat, than during the preceding period of at least forty years. The effects of this drought and temperature on the vegetable and animal world, must be more curious and extensive than we are probably as yet aware of. Upon the earth, or rather the soil, it must produce a great influence; and it is not unnatural to suppose, that the cultivated lands, diluted and weakened by several wet seasons, will be put into good heart by the change to dryness, if followed by genial weather. The insect tribes have felt the alteration in an extraordinary degree. The pulverized surface of the ground has been fatal to myriads of the destructive snail and slug species, worms, and other caterpillars; while, on the other hand, the * butterflies and winged insects, which deposit the eggs of devouring larvae, have been more numerous and fecund than in common years. If these fall before a sharp winter, there will be fewer insects next spring than have been found in the memory of our oldest cultivators. What is to be apprehended, however, is a

* The white butterfly has been so numerous as often to resemble a snow-shower, in gardens where the attraction was great.

very great scarcity of vegetables. The market-gardens about the Metropolis are all but uncultivated, and even the potatoe crops are small and unproductive. The season, besides, is too far advanced for any important improvement in the former respect, and, we fear, for much in the latter. It would be well therefore to have these things in view, before the Winter tells them to us in the afflicting tones of the starved and suffering poor.

It is a singular coincidence, that in 1718, at the distance of precisely one hundred years from the present, the weather was extremely hot and dry all over Europe. The air felt so oppressive, that all the Theatres were shut in Paris. Scarcely any rain fell for the space of nine months, and the springs and rivers were dried up. The grass and corn were quite parched. In some places the fruit-trees blossomed two or three times. The thermometer (Fahrenheit's) rose to 98° at Paris.

CURIOUS FACT.—The Samuel, Captain Pennant, on her passage from Whitehaven to Dublin, when about midchannel on the 18th ult. was visited by a cuckoo, which dropped on the deck apparently in a state of exhaustion, but soon recovered, and is now in the possession of Captain Pennant.

Medical Scientific Improvement.—In one of the recent sittings of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Percy, in the name of the Committee, presented a Report on the Memoir of Dr. Laennec, Physician to the Necker Hospital, relative to a new mode of demonstration, proper to develop, with greater exactitude than any yet adopted, the various diseases of the lungs and of the heart. The properties which solid bodies possess, the tube, the trumpet, or portevois, &c. of transmitting to the ear, even the feeblest sounds and impulses, had suggested to M. Laennec the idea of studying, with the assistance of similar instruments, the different sounds, intonations, and movements, which take place within the interior of the chest, and their coincidence or sympathies with a state of health or of disorder. The voice, the respiration, the noises within the throat, and the oscillations of the heart, so investigated, would afford certain indications of several maladies, which, in the present state of science, we could scarcely have thought of. One of these indications, among others, showed the existence of ulcers in the lungs, their extent, their state of greater or lesser fulness, the nature and consistence of the matter which they contained. The instrument which M. Laennec used for these purpose was a cylinder of wood, which, according to the nature of the proposed examination, should be solid, pierced from one end to the other by a straight canal or cavity, or widened at one extremity in the manner of a horn.

According to the favourable manner in which this improvement is spoken of in the Memoir, it appears that the extent of the results already obtained, or those which may rationally be looked for, by means of

the above instrument of demonstration, is not less remarkable than its simplicity.—*M. Post.*

WITCHCRAFT.—The following letter is copied from the Harleian manuscript 1686, preserved in the British Museum. It is from a Mr. Manning, dissenting teacher at Halstead in Essex, to John Morley, Esq. Halstead.

SIR, Halstead, August 2, 1732.

The narrative wh^{ch} I gave you in relation to witchcraft, and which you are pleased to lay your commands upon me to repeat, is as follows. There was one Master Collett, a smith by trade, of Haveringham in the county of Suffolk, formerly servant in Sir John Duke's family, in Benhall in Suffolk, who, as 'twas customary with him, assisting the maide to churn, and not being able (as the phrase is) to make the butter come, threw an hot iron into the churn, under the notion of witchcraft in the case, upon which a poore labourer, then employed in carrying of dung in the yard, cried out in a terrible manner, They have killed me! they have killed me! still keeping his hand upon his back, intimating where the paine was, and died upon the spott. Mr. Collett, with the rest of the servants then present, took off the poore man's clothes, and found, to their great surprize, the mark of the iron that was heated and thrown into the churn, deeply impressed upon his back. This account I had from Mr. Collett's own mouth, who being a man of an unblemished character, I verily believe to be matter of fact.

I am, Sir,
Your obliged humble Servant,
SAM. MANNING.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

THREE INFALLIBLE REMEDIES.*

Cure for the Jaundice.—Drink plentifully of decoction of carrots.

Cure for the Gout.—Apply a leek-poultice to the part affected.

Cure for Dysentery.—Eat moderately of marlmade of quinces.

N.B. Tincture of goose-grass is an imperial sweetener of the blood.

PHILADELPHOS.
Brixton, Surrey, 12 Aug. 1818.

An intelligent Correspondent (of the *New Monthly Mag.*) says that 'the tender shoots of Scotch fir, peeled and eaten fasting early in the morning in the woods, when the weather is dry, has performed many cures of pulmonary complaints among the Highlanders.' Is the effect the same as in the instance of tar-water recommended in one of our recent Numbers?

P. Gumilla, Hist. Natur. de l'Orenoque, says that 18 Spaniards seated themselves on a snake, which they mistook for an old trunk of a tree, and which, to their great astonishment, began to move! This was in the woods of Cora, Venezuela.

* We insert these pithy Recipes as we have received them.—Ed.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

AUGUST.

Thursday, 13—Thermometer from 47 to 74.
Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 32.

Wind NE. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Clear.

Friday, 14—Thermometer from 45 to 56.
Barometer from 30, 27 to 30, 28.

Wind N. and NE. 1.—Generally overcast.

Saturday, 15—Thermometer from 52 to 65.
Barometer from 30, 26 to 30, 28.

Wind N. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy.

Sunday, 16—Thermometer from 53 to 69.
Barometer from 30, 28 to 30, 25.
Wind N. and W. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Morning very cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Monday, 17—Thermometer from 45 to 69.
Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 18.
Wind N. and NW. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Morning clear, the rest of the day generally hazy.—A fine halo was formed about ten A.M.

Tuesday, 18—Thermometer from 43 to 71.
Barometer from 30, 15 to 30, 10.
Wind N. and NE. 1.—Generally clear.

Wednesday, 19—Thermometer from 49 to 64.
Barometer from 30, 12 to 30, 17.

Wind N. 1.—Evening cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

On Thursday, August 27th, at 9 hours 42 minutes, clock-time, the 3d Satellite of Jupiter will immerse into an eclipse.

Latitude 51. 37. 32 N.

Longitude 3. 51 W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot allow "Endless" to begin with us.

A. B. C. has shewn his sense in the choice of signature, and in nothing else;—he will find the common English Spelling Book a convenient study, before he enlightens the world with his "Treatyses"!!!

Our arrears of Review, as well as other arrears, shall be discharged as speedily as possible. M. H.—H—, and many other Correspondents, may be assured of this.

Few of our Friends are aware of the labour imposed upon us in deciphering bad writing. We are plain people, and much admire plain communications: we wish to be read, and therefore beg for legible Correspondents:—otherwise, we can only throw them aside, assured that their hearts are better than their hands.

ERRATA.—In the beautiful 'Dream of Ocean' in our last number, the word "moked" was erroneously printed for "marked," in line 25 from the conclusion.

Miscellaneous,

(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

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CHARLES SMART, Secretary.

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Ben Jonson.

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